

## CLOSE CALLS IN FLYING

## MOMENTS OF DANGER THAT COME TO ALL AVIATORS.

Sometimes there is warning. Sometimes not. Two narrow escapes of J. Armstrong Brazil. Almost as fast out of the clouds into grave danger.

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To every man who flies there comes the moment when a hair's breadth one way or the other means life or death. In some these moments come more frequently than to others; to those who are constantly pushing their machines to the limit in the rivalry for public approval they are of almost daily occurrence. But to every man who flies they come sooner or later.

I know of nothing in human experience which can leave so indelible an impression as so short a space of time. With the aeroplane as it is built-to-day these critical moments are really only the infinitesimal fraction of a moment. The danger is reached and in a flash it is passed safely or otherwise. There is no time to think. Everything must be done by instinct.

True, we do make voluntary and logical movements when we get into these scrapes, but I believe that these movements are always made too late to do any real good and that the first instinctive motion, without reason and without thought, is what decides the outcome of the moment.

Sometimes we have a warning of what is coming and in such instances we can steel ourselves and meet the danger with a plan of action logically thought out and calculated to meet the emergency in the best way. At other times the danger comes and is past before we really recognize what is happening, and in these instances it is only the instinct that comes with long training in flying that pulls us through in safety.

I have personally had many thrilling experiences in the air, but there are two instances that have left upon my memory stronger impressions than all the others. I regard them as my two closest calls. They illustrate the two kinds of critical moments I have spoken of, the one that happens without warning and the other that is foreshown by the aviator and guarded against to the best of his ability.

My flight in Philadelphia, in which I made what was then the altitude record of 9,000 feet, was three times on the verge of collapse. Once on the way up I found myself laughing aloud like a crazy man, and twice coming down at least.

On these three occasions I was so numb mentally that I did not fully realize the position I was in. Instinct forced me to get hold of myself and pull myself through. It has only been since that flight that I have been able to figure out just how near death I was.

It was this very numbness of mind, I think, that kept me from getting into a panic. I was able to do the right things instinctively without making mistakes through excitement. They were never enough to be sure, but twice before

was really nearer to death because on one or two occasions my mind was keenly realizing the danger of my position and the necessity for instant action; there was all the chance for a fatal panic and the awful chances I was taking were perfectly clear to me.

Both of these thrilling moments came to me while I was flying for practice at my school at Beaufieu, near Southampton, England. My partner, MacArdle, and I have an ideal flying ground there. It is seven miles from the railroad station with perfectly flat country, smooth and clear except for one line of telegraph wires here and there, a low tree or a clump of shrubbery. These impediments are very far apart and do not interfere in any way with our work.

My closest call came to me in a most undramatic way. There were no spectators save only MacArdle and our mechanics and I think that Mac was the only one of them who really saw my danger and knew that he was near to being a partner.

I was flying low with the Blériot XI, with the antiquated type of wings, I started to circle the place in wide, easy curves, without any definite object in view. I found the machine was banking well at the turn, and I became curious to see just how small a loop I could make with her, so I gradually narrowed the circle in which I was flying.

Closer and closer to the centre I came, and the Blériot did all I could have expected of her. These seemed no limit to her possibilities; I felt as though I could turn her on her beam ends if I wanted to, and so without the slightest thought of danger I kept drawing closer and closer about the centre, flying at a great angle all the time because the circle had become so small that there was no straightaway flight. It was a case of jam the rudder over hard and see how close she would come about.

It may be well to explain that the Rerot banks automatically when going about a turn, that is the fair side rises and the near side falls until the machine is frequently tilted at an angle of forty-five degrees. This can of course be prevented by warping the wings and keeping her on a more even keel, but to do this puts so severe a strain on the planes that it is extremely dangerous, while at the same time it loses ground by causing the aeroplane to slip or skid wide of the turn on account of the momentum.

I think on this day I speak of that I was turning the machine in her own beam ends or even sharper. I was paying not the slightest attention to the angle at which I was flying; all my thoughts were on the little circles I was cutting through the air when suddenly I felt myself slipping on my seat and I realized it at first that my planes were dangerously near the perpendicular.

There was no time to think. One instant more and she would have lost her balance and come crashing down sideways to the ground 150 feet below.

Instinctively I threw my weight to the tail side. My hand at once touched the bottom of the framework, a circumstance that will give some idea of my great angle. I took my feet from the steering post over with my knees to warp the wing and help to right her, and then I closed my eyes and waited for things to happen.

But fortunately for me, I had done the right things just in the nick of time. An infinitesimal fraction of a second later it would have been useless, for I am convinced that I caught the machine just as she was passing the critical angle, after which there would have been nothing to support her in the air and I should have gone crashing downward.

As swiftly as it had come the danger had passed, the machine had righted herself, and after what seemed a whole lifetime of uncertainty in the very presence of death itself. I opened my eyes, to find myself sailing easily away on an even keel, safe, alive and thanking God for it.

I looked beneath me and I saw that the mechanics were gazing up at me with no idea of what I had just passed through. Mac, however, looked as white as a ghost. He knew.

Naturally my nerves were about gone. My heart was thumping like a trip hammer and I could scarcely get my breath from the excitement. But I made up my mind that Mac was not going to see me quit, so as though I had intended just what happened, I went sailing away to the far side of the ground and came back again in wide, easy, sweeping curves that landed me at the feet of my excited partner in perfect style.

I did not fly again that day.

My other narrow escape was the result of a fluke, and I was saved by a fluke. To this day I have not been able to figure out why either of the flukes happened.

I was practising at Beaufieu, for height altitude work had attracted me from the beginning, and I practised constantly. In fact I had several times exceeded the world's record for height as it stood then, but could not claim it officially, as I used my own barograph and aneroid, and the flights were made with Mac and the mechanics as the only watchers.

On this day I went up toward evening. It was one of those gray days with a thin mist over everything, and a damp feeling in the air suggested an impending fog. I should have known better than to attempt to climb under such conditions, but I was kept up to it and I did not want to put it off.

The mechanics turned the propeller over and I was off. The engine was running with that smooth purring that is music to the ears of an aviator and the machine seemed to mount without the slightest effort.

I went up in big circles, a mile or more in diameter perhaps, and as I got into the thinner air I paid strict attention to managing the aeroplane; I doubt if I looked down toward the earth once after I passed a height of 2,000 feet.

Without any incident whatever I climbed to something like 6,000 feet, which was then above the record, and was debating whether to try for any more altitude with the darkness of evening gathering, when my engine began to sputter and miss in a way that sounded as though there were no more gasoline in the tank.

This, however, I knew could not be the cause of the trouble. The tank had been well filled before I started and there must have been enough to last me another hour at least.

What the trouble was I have never ascertained, but I felt the power beginning to give out and I shoved my steering post forward just about in time to get the machine's nose pointed down when the engine stopped entirely. There was nothing for it but to plane down and get as near back home as possible.

With the machine pointed right for a long spiral glide, I looked below to get my bearings and that is where I got my first fright. The mists had gathered so thickly that I could not see a single glimmer of the earth. There was nothing below me but a billowy sea of clouds, impenetrable to the eye.

I blamed myself in picturesque and forcible language for my folly in not taking more careful note of my position on the upward climb. Now it was too late. I had not the slightest idea what part of the country I was over or in which direction I was headed.

I might have taken my bearings from the glow of the setting sun, but I had all I could do to take care of the machine, rushing downward through space as I was at the rate of seventy miles an hour or more. I thought of nothing except the steering and instinctively tried to keep her going in a general way in about the same wide circles that I had followed on my journey up.

Soon I entered the clouds and began to catch glimpses of the earth. I thought I saw something that looked like one of the buildings on our grounds and I steered accordingly, aiming to plane down so as to have plenty of room in the open land that stretched for miles away from the hangar.

Suddenly the mists seemed to clear away completely, or rather I seemed to plunge through them and get into the ordinary atmosphere of the earth's surface. And there I got my second and really great fright.

Instead of seeing beneath me the broad, smooth, clear lands of our aviation grounds, as I had confidently expected, there was nothing but trees—trees—trees as far as the eye could reach. I seemed to be directly over the heart of a limitless wood.

To land in the branches meant certain wreck. I had no power in the engine to give me a chance to look about me for an opening. There was nothing for it but to plunge down among the forest giants and trust to luck that the wreck of the machine would not cut me up badly and that my fall from the top of whatever tree I landed in would leave my features in good enough shape for identification at the inquest.

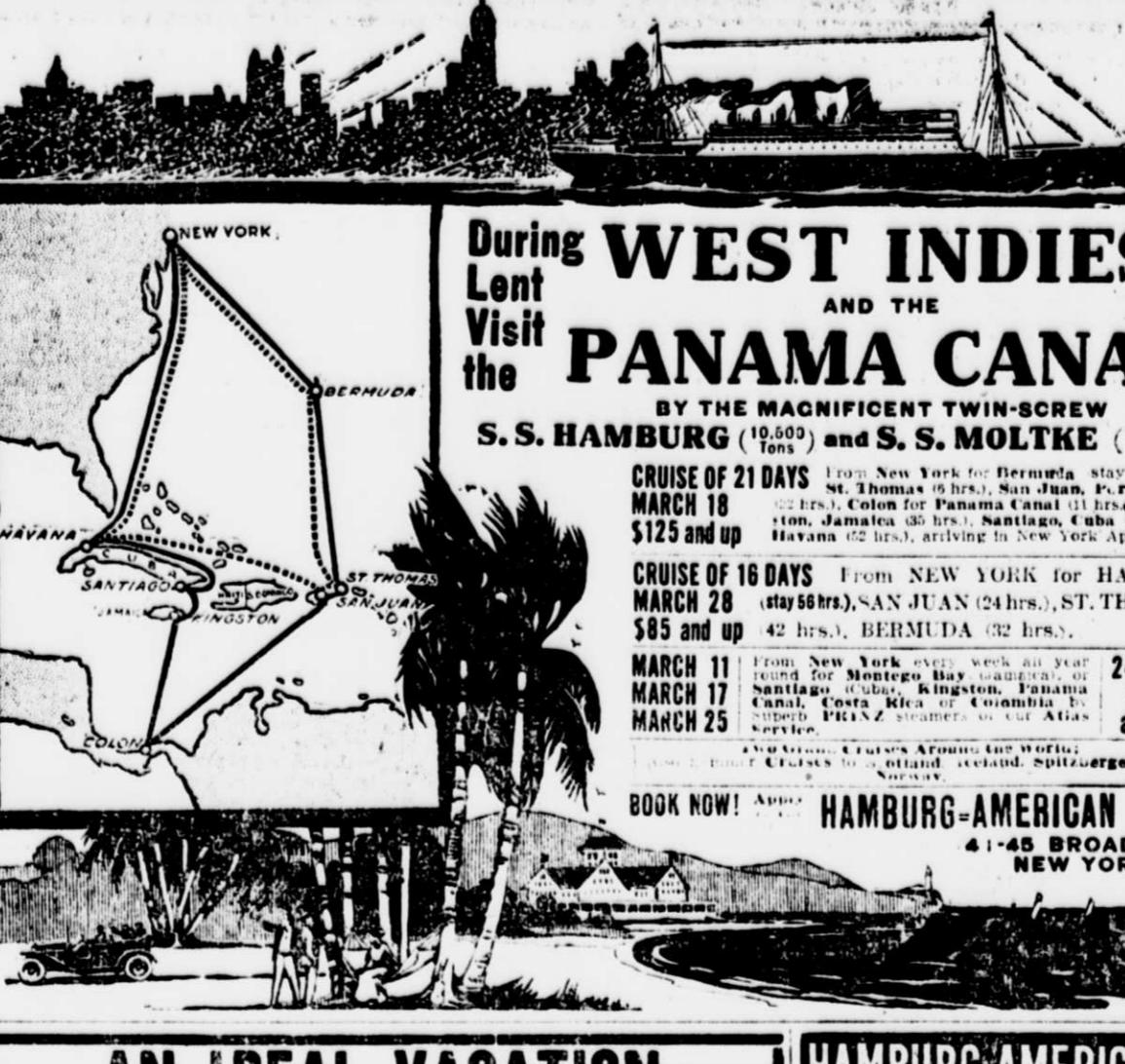
Without knowing just why I did it, but in an instinctive attempt to gain time, I took a deep swoop downward and then desperately turned the aeroplane's nose upward to coast as high as the momentum would take me and search for a clearing in this momentary respite.

I plunged downward for a hundred feet at a terrible rate, then at the moment of turning up my heart nearly stopped beating as I heard a choking cough from the engine, then another, then another, and suddenly the br-r-r of the cylinders as the explosions came with full force, and the propeller, getting its grip on the air, put on all its power, and I climbed safely away from the treetops, everything working perfectly and once more in control of a safe and efficient piece of machinery.

My relief was so great that I was almost tempted to start climbing again, but it was rapidly getting dark, and I had no idea where I was. So I sailed close to the ground until I recognized some houses over the edge of the wood. I was more than twenty miles from home, but with the engine working smoothly the trip back was mere child's play, and I was soon on the ground again, being alternately cursed and hugged by Mac, while the mechanics trundled the Blériot to the hangar.

They are never pleasant to talk about, these narrow escapes. It is best to forget about them as soon after they have occurred as possible, for they get on the nerves and things that get on the nerves are not good in aviation.

It has always struck me as odd that the general public does not seem to realize this. I mean by that that most people seem to think that a man who flies likes to talk about these thrilling moments, and



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